

## SPEEDY RUNNERS NORTH OF OURCQ RACE WITH DEATH

Wearers of Red Brassard  
Carry Tidings of Battle  
as Hun Goes Back

### LIAISON WELL PRESERVED

Men Cross Fire-Swept Areas With  
Messages That Mean Defeat  
or Victory for Comrades

They had been pats together out in Council Bluffs—Al Boyesen and Billy Shupp—and they were together in Company I, when their regiment sailed from America last fall. Because they were young and slim and could run like the wind, they were chosen as runners, and as runners they were together on the greatest day and hour of their lives.

It came in that historic fortnight of July, 1918, for their regiment was one of those that waited with fixed bayonets when the mighty German offensive broke like the surf against the expectant Allied line, and that did not sit down to rest till the Marne and the Ourcq lay behind them.

It was the hour when an important message had to be carried from the company commander to a deep, hidden dug-out then serving as battalion headquarters. The written message, first read aloud to both of them, was thrust into Shupp's outstretched hand, and he was up and away like a shot, racing across a country all gonched and quivering from the battle, racing over fields and roads where shells had been raining for hours and still were falling with deadly regularity.

**Two Hundred Yards Behind**

A minute later—200 yards behind, perhaps—came Boyesen, for, thus managed, that message would have a double chance of getting through. It was Boyesen who delivered it because he ran, he saw his friend struck and tossed into the air in a dizzy of death. The runner himself was wounded, painfully wounded in the leg, but he was not done for, and a few seconds later the battalion adjutant caught him as he pitched, weak and white-faced, into the dugout.

"They've killed Shupp, sir," he blurted. "And he's wounded me."

Then he passed out the message, repeated it more slowly to be sure, and turned as if to start out again—out into the storm.

Several hands caught at him. Where was he going?

"Where'm I going?" he cried, the hysteria of a note-mastering his voice. "Where'm I going? I'm going back to get my buddy."

Then he fainted.

That is the story of two American runners in the Second Battle of the Marne. It is only one story, and there are so many. It is chronicled here just because there are so many like it in the chapter of The Runners.

Go to any one who has lived through any day or week of that battle where it was hottest and ask who were his heroes. He will want to name all the men who put their shoulder to its tremendous burden, from the ammunition drivers, plowing stubbornly on through mad-denling miles of mud, knowing and asking no sleep for many days and nights, to the battalion commanders, who could not and would not remember what the books said about their place being behind the line. But if he must single out one group for tribute, the chances are he will reluctantly pass the others by and say: "The Runners."

### The Runners' Business

The runners are the fleet youngsters who, as the battle sways and strains, keep regiment in touch with battalion, battalion with company, company with platoon. To let each unit know how the others are faring, above all in such fighting as the last weeks have seen, to let the nervous guys know to what line the surging infantrymen have attained, this is the business of the runners. The story of much that is crushed down under such verbal impediments as liaison, reconnaissance, communications can be told in the terms of a brave boy's legs.

All the fine devices of science to quicken and insure communication collapse in the swift hours of such an advance as began at the Marne on July 15. By indefatigable work, the telephone wires, though shelled again and again, fragments, can be repaired and kept intact between divisional headquarters and regimental. But what of the mile of quaking countryside from there on to the front?

The T.P.S., or ground telegraphy, is

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## NEW SERVICE RECORD IF YOURS IS LOST

Inquiry Must First Be  
Made at Central  
Record Office

If your service record is lost, and if search at the Central Records Office, near Tours, fails to bring it to light, then you are not called on to look any further for it—or rather, your C.O. isn't called on to. Get a new one.

Service records of soldiers dropped from the rolls, according to G.H.Q. list, 40, or a new one must be made according to Paragraph 9 on the first sheet of the service record form. This states that in case a service record is lost, a report of the fact must be made to the Adjutant General of the Army, who will start a new one. It will go first to the report where the soldier enlisted, and then follow his own military career until it catches up, all commanding officers he has had making the appropriate entries.

## WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, DOUGHBOYS?



This Ridge West of Château-Thierry Was the Infantry's Objective, and Having Reached It, They Are Awaiting Orders. [Signal Corps Photo.]

## MUMPS LEADS IN DISEASES THAT HIT 131,075 IN FRANCE

But Whole Army Loses  
Less Than Three Per  
Cent of Working Time

### DISEASE KILLS ONLY 923

Tuberculosis Scores Low, French  
Foot Near Bottom, Measles  
Almost Last

This was a pretty healthy Army during its first year in France. Up to June 1, it might have, with all the people in it, lost 62,714,000 days' work through being sick in hospital or in quarters. But it didn't come anywhere near that; it lost only 1,481,000 days through sickness—or, to be kinder like and exact, it lost only 2,377 per cent of its working time, during that first year in France, the A.E.F. had 131,075 cases of sickness reported; and out of that number only 923 died, or less than one per cent of the sick men, 84.36 per cent were returned to duty, usually with their original units; 15.55 per cent were "otherwise disposed of"—which means put into other lines of work, sent for corrective treatment (as in the case of the flat-foot school), or discharged.

Of the total time lost by illness, the A.E.F.'s medical authorities can trace 32.44 per cent of it to communicable diseases, such as mumps, measles, scarlet fever, and other respiratory disorders, such as pneumonia, they can trace 19.20 per cent of the day-wastage.

As for the individual diseases, mumps—good old cheek-pulling, childhood haunting mumps—was the worst offender, taking more toll of the A.E.F. than any other malady. Bronchitis was the second highest, and the venereal complaints came in a bad third. Fourth came the laryngitis-pharyngitis-tonsillitis group; fifth, lobar pneumonia; sixth, measles; seventh, tuberculosis (which, by the way, claimed only 360 out of the total sick); eighth, arthritis and rheumatism; ninth, rheumatic fever; and tenth, otitis media, which—if you don't know, and nobody can blame you for not knowing, for we had to look it up ourselves—is something that happens to your ears.

### Other Itches in Toll, Too

Going in order, down the list, the following ailments took their toll, beginning with the eleventh, hepatitis. The so-called bowel-group (enteritis, colitis, gastritis); bronchial pneumonia; scarletina; the "hot" diarrhea and its variety, dysentery, brings them in at this point; pleurisy; skin diseases; hemorrhoids; flat feet; valvular distention of the heart; diphtheria and the diphtheria carriers; heart diseases other than the valvular troubles; mental diseases; scabies.

Then there follow more names of complaints—hard names and rare names, which it will do little good to call here. Suffice it to say that trench-foot is well down toward the bottom of the list in respect to the number of men it laid up; that the German measles is even lower; and that there are other ailments that disorient the arm of armies in the field ever since year One, is the second from the end.

All of which would seem to prove to the layman-soldier that, notwithstanding the rigors of that first winter of ours in France, notwithstanding the fact that we were in a hot country and its variety of climates, notwithstanding the fact that we had to make practically all our own sanitary provisions and everything, we were a pretty healthy and able-to-be-about bunch of citizens.

### CANNED LAIT IS FIXER

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 8.—If your G.H.Q. suddenly pleads, with you to have some milk, here is the reason. A milked milk company found with an improper surplus of flour has settled with the Government food board by donating \$50,000 worth of its product to the Army and Navy.

You may also get beans. New York State's food conservation bureau solemnly announces that 125,000 bushels of beans will go where had beans go if you don't get busy eating them.

### COLLAR OVER COLLAR

If you want to, you can wear the collar of your O.D. shirt turned down outside the collar of your blouse. But if you do, you are directed in G.O. 122 to wear ornaments in your shirt collar just as you have been wearing them in your blouse collar.

This is the first time that the turned-down-outside shirt collar has been officially authorized.

## CROSS OF LEGION FOR GEN. PERSHING

Gen. Foch Now Marshal of  
France, Gen. Petain Is  
Given Decoration

In the hour of Allied victory, embracing the greatest Allied advance since the First Battle of the Marne, General Pershing has been made a Marshal of France. General Pershing has been given the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, the most distinguished grade of honor France has to bestow, and General Pershing has received the Médaille Militaire.

The Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor was placed upon General Pershing Tuesday morning by M. Poincaré, President of the French Republic, during an impressive ceremony in the quadrangle at American Headquarters.

The scene was one of the most memorable in the history of the American Army. President Poincaré and General Pershing arrived together, while in the quadrangle officers representing the American, French, British, Belgian, Italian and Japanese staffs gathered to see the Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. receive the honor given him by France.

### Band Plays "Marseillaise"

The sides of the square were lined with French and American troops, and as President Poincaré took his place facing General Pershing, the American band struck up "La Marseillaise." As the General stepped forward from the salute, the President said he was especially pleased "to seize this opportunity of thanking General Pershing and the brave Army under his orders for the very gallant work they did during past weeks on the field of battle."

Then the President stepped forward and breast the broad scarlet ribbon carrying the Cross. With this ceremony completed, the President kissed the General first on one cheek and then on the other.

General Pershing thanked President Poincaré for the honor which he valued as another mark of friendship and respect on the part of France for the American Army. The two then fell back, side by side, to review the troops, which ended the ceremony.

The Médaille Militaire, bestowed on General Pershing, is usually awarded only to men who have not yet reached a commissioned grade and is given to a high officer only as a reward of exceptional merit.

## 56,000,000 SOCKS IN UNCLE'S WAR OUTFIT

Ten Million Breeches Also  
Figure in Bill for Army  
to April 1

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 8.—Only after careful revision and report by the Board of Review of the General Staff will contracts be let on the "cost plus percentage" plan hereafter.

Figures have been published by the War Department showing that Uncle Sam has purchased uniform equipment alone up to April 1, in the following large quantities: 55,058,000 woolen socks, 10,507,000 woolen breeches, 8,000,000 woolen coats, 5,377,000 overcoats, 1,337,000 puttees, 191,000 overseas caps.

Motor equipment purchased included 17,388 motor trucks, 3,420 passenger cars, and 9,850 motor ambulances.

There have also been drafted into service horses and mules to the number of 366,392.

## DOUGHBOYS TURN ARTILLERY RACE INTO MARATHON

Batteries Are Adjusted  
Just in Time to Get  
Move On Orders

### NO REST CURE FOR THEM

Guns Decline to Grow Down-  
hearted When Expected Relief  
Turns to "On Ahead"

There are any number of Artillerymen in this latest forward rush who have the satisfaction of knowing their guns have put many a German out of action for the rest of the war—and then some.

But there are others who are willing to gamble their last cent that on an advance the American Infantry can out-sprint them in a last dash.

A battery commander was standing by the road, looking up the wet, heavy track ahead in a dejected way. His guns, for the time being, were parked by the roadside.

"Is this a war," he asked some one on the way up, "or is it a marathon? I'd sure like to know. I started after the Germans with my battery six days ago. About every two hours I had visions of stopping, adjusting my range and blowing them into small, delicate pieces. Then, by the time I got adjusted, word would come back that our Infantry had chased the enemy still further on ahead and that I had better move up before I opened fire."

### Always on the Go

"Move up? It seems to me I've traveled half way round the world. I've counted at least two dozen times in these last six days when I was all set and ready, only to hear each time that the doughboys had once more run the foe out of range. So here I am, all dressed up, with nobody to kill. Why, I could blow up a whole regiment of them if they'd only let me shoot. If it keeps on this way much longer, I'll have my guns parked outside of Berlin without a shot fired."

He wasn't the only one. All along the way American batteries were phasing along forward, the mud and rain, advancing as rapidly as possible under the conditions, only to get all set and ready as the word came back that the Infantry had chased the foe out of range.

"Those doughboys must be some sprinters," one young lieutenant said. "I can see how a man can get this pace for a few hours, but they've kept it up for six days. They don't seem to have any consideration for the Artillery at all. At least, not for ours. We came in here to shoot, not to take part in a six-day race."

### The Luckier Ones

There were many of these, but there were others who were luckier.

One battery executive had just received orders to get under way again after he had been firing steadily for half an hour. His guns had managed to keep well in range, and as he had advanced, knowing his targets, he knew that the range had been well handled.

"Your men look contented," some one remarked.

"Contented?" he said. "I guess they are. They are going ahead. I'll tell you, when you're a man like me, you're going out of a man's skin for a week and we've been at it for a good many months. Naturally, most of us are a little tired."

"A day or two ago we got word that we might be rested or relieved for a few hours. Then I got orders that we were to go forward. I had to tell the men at first, as I knew what a short rest would mean. 'Where do we go for our rest?' some one asked. 'On ahead,' I answered."

"Down-hearted? Not a bit of it. 'On ahead?' Well, that's what we came into the war for, two or three spoke to another, and we don't want no rest anywhere."

"That's the spirit of the battery all the way through. They proved it by jumping back to the job again more cheerfully than they could ever have started towards any resting spot that took them out of action. There wasn't a complaint from a soul in the bunch."

"That 'On ahead' sounded better to them than any two rest orders could have sounded."

## BIG WAR PROFITS TAX FAVORED BY ADMINISTRATION

House Plan for Revenue on  
Luxuries Alone Would  
Raise Billion

### FOR GRAND UNIFIED ARMY

Guard, Nationals and Regulars  
May Be Merged When Con-  
gress Reassembles

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 8.—The Administration is reported as favoring a heavy war profits tax. The House committee probably will have the new revenue measure ready for Congress during the week, and all signs are that excess war profits will be taxed drastically, and that heavy luxuries taxes will be proposed to raise at least a billion dollars.

The reassembled Congress will have several huge jobs besides the eight billion dollar revenue measure. The War Department is ready with a bill to increase the Army enormously by enlarging the selective draft ages to take in all men from 18 to 45 years, inclusive. It is understood that the bill will leave large latitude to the President, and that, as under the present selective draft system, he can use men either for military service or exempt them for necessary industries and other civilian war work.

### Army of at Least 5,000,000

It is also understood that the National Guard, the National Army and the Regular Army are to be merged into one grand unified army. While no specific figures are given officially, it is understood that the United States is aiming at an Army of at least 5,000,000 as fast as we can get and handle it.

The people are taking it all so much as a matter of course that nobody has bothered to point out the impressiveness of the utter national unity in this matter of Army expansion.

Nowhere has there been any opposition, or even criticism or cavil. There is not the slightest doubt that this unity is genuine and absolute. It is not due to repression in any sense. The country is behind the bill, as it has been behind every big measure whose aim is to bring our utmost strength and power into the war.

Apart from patriotism, there is the big common sense of the American people, which makes men of all opinions agree that the quickest and best way to finish the war is to make war as mightily as we can make it, and to waste not a moment in doing it.

## OLD PARTIES GIVING SUFFRAGE GLAD HAND

President Tells Senators  
Women's Voting Would  
Aid World Morale

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 8.—Woman suffrage as a national campaign issue seems likely to vanish. All parties are hurrying to embrace it. What opponents remain are roaring with wondrous mildness and politeness.

The Administration has taken a hand in endeavoring to overcome the remaining opposition of two or three senatorial votes that hitherto have blocked the passage of the Federal amendment through Congress. The President has written letters to Senators Shields of Tennessee and Baird of New Jersey, saying that the morale of the country and the world will be greatly aided by favorable American action on the amendment.

Indications of a change in the Southern attitude on the suffrage question are seen in the Texas primaries, where the woman candidate for State superintendent of public instruction polled more than 100,000 votes as the next man candidate and ran so far ahead of the third as to have almost 100,000 majority.

### PAY BOOKS OCTOBER 1

The pay book, which this newspaper forecast in its issue of June 7, has come.

Beginning October 1, they will be used to provide pay for men on detached service, in hospital, in leave areas, or whenever the soldier's service record, pay card, or other data needed to prepare a payroll is not available.

Quarantine commanders will, on receipt of the G.O. outlining the pay book, prepare requisitions for the books showing the strength of their commands.

Soldiers arriving for duty with the A.E.F. will be paid on payrolls for all unpaid periods to include the month in which they left the United States, and individual pay books will be opened for them on the first day of the succeeding month.

## RETREATING HUNS ARE CHASED BACK 21 BITTER MILES

Marne, Ourcq, Vesle  
Crossed by Defeated  
Hosts of Crown Prince

### FAST QUANTITY OF BOOTY

American Captures Alone Exceed  
8,400 Prisoners and 133 Guns,  
With More Uncounted

Three weeks after the army of the German Crown Prince had launched the Second Battle of the Marne, that army, defeated and considerably the worse for wear, had been driven back from the Marne, driven across and back from the Ourcq, driven across the Vesle. At the end of the third week, the Germans had been pushed as much as 21 miles behind the line which was the starting point of their much-vaunted Friedland. To-day the Aisne, not the Marne, is the river on which all eyes are fixed.

Among the fruits of this victory, aside from its worldwide political import and its incalculable contribution to the morale of the Allied forces, may be numbered the liberation of 200 French towns and villages and all the harvest land between, the infliction of grievous casualties on the Crown Prince's divisions, the taking of more than 35,000 prisoners, the seizure of more than 700 guns and the capture of an immense amount of ammunition, light railway material and other supplies.

### Enemy Numerically Superior

Not only from its import as a turning point in the present war, but from the mere magnitude of the field and the forces engaged, the combat the Germans staged by their offensive of July 15 takes rank as one of the greatest battles in world history.

Within three weeks, some 2,000,000 soldiers pitched into a fight at a focal point. Against an enemy army of more than 80 divisions, Marshal Foch pitted a numerically inferior army recruited from the four corners of the earth. Under his generalship fought French, British, Scotch, Italians, Moroccans, Algerians, Hindus—and Americans.

Our share in the present engagement can be guessed from the American communiqué of August 3, which announced that of the captures made, 8,400 prisoners and 133 guns had been taken by the Americans alone. It should be added that at the time of that announcement, there were many more guns and prisoners yet to be counted.

### Succession of Nimble Leaps

The German withdrawal from the Marne to the valley of the Aisne was made in a succession of nimble leaps backward, his yielding up of each decisive line following always after the most deadly fighting, while each retreat was protected by determined machine gun regiments. But though his retreat was never, in any large sense, disorderly, the Allied pressure was so unrelenting that, with the wreckage of his army, he did not have time to destroy, let alone to carry off, all the immense quantities of ammunition and other costly material he had been so laboriously assembling for the offensive which he had built such high hopes.

The stand made between the Ourcq and the Vesle involved five days of savage fighting. Then, thanks to the brilliant attack made by the French and British troops on the plateau Grand-Roy and the pressure applied by the Franco-American troops on the heights of the Ourcq, the Germans withdrew and were literally chased across country by the victorious Allies, who advanced more than six miles and recaptured more than 100 villages in one brilliant day.

On August 2 the French took Soissons, and two days later, at the center of the pursuing army, American forces stormed and captured the town of Fismes.

## NOT SO MUCH MUD WHEN WINTER COMES

Ballasted Roadways Take  
Place of Slime Tracks—  
Wells Being Bored

Taking time by the forelock, plans are already being carried out to make all permanent camps in the A.E.F. comfortable for next winter. Most of the work along this line is directed toward making as far as possible the trouble caused by mud.

Ballasted roadways are being laid with a curvature sufficient to insure against a muddy surface. Walks and paths are being installed along the same plan. All natural features which will aid in the shedding of water are being utilized and abetted by systems of ditches and drainage trenches.

Permanent latrines, consisting of sheds and bath houses are now being erected. In several instances, wells have been bored.

## UPHILL FIGHTING WORRIES YANKS NO MORE THAN RIVER

Crossing of Ourcq Follow-  
ed by Exultant Race to  
Gain Crest

### RECALL SOUNDED IN VAIN

"Heaven, Hell or Hoboken Before  
Christmas!" Is Battle Cry of  
Charging Infantry

The spectacular retreat of the army of the German Crown Prince from the Ourcq to the Vesle was not made until after the enemy had spent the greater part of five days in a grim effort to make his stand on the line stretching from Fère-en-Tardenois to Ville-en-Tardenois. Unlike the cross-country fight of the week before, here was no more conflict with machine gun nests left in the German wake to make slow and costly the Allied pursuit, but a case of picked German divisions ranged on the heights and ordered to hold those heights to the last against all comers.

To the grand watchers from the other side of the Atlantic, the most interesting part of that line was the part stretching east from Fère-en-Tardenois, for there the American soldiers were most numerous and engaged, there the Yankees were pitted against the famous Prussian Guards, the best the Germans have.

### Beat Two Guard Divisions

It was M. Tardieu, France's High Commissioner to our capital, who told the world that an American division on the Ourcq had met and defeated a division of the Prussian Guards.

When the history of that American division comes to be written with all the freedom of the present, it may be added that in the course of the great battle which began on July 15, 1918, that division, before it stopped to catch its breath, had met and done battle with two divisions of the Prussian Guards, of which, it is said, there are but five altogether.

It is probable that the fighting the Americans experienced between July 27 and August 3 will be studied at school by your children and your grandchildren as the Battle of the Ourcq, but that unrepentant creek had little to do with it except as, through the centuries, it had worn down the land and till there sloped away to the north of it a gradual hill most difficult to storm.

No one will understand the Battle of the Ourcq who does not keep in mind the fact that the mere rushing across the stream itself presented no difficulties and that the real fight was the fight to possess the heights beyond.

### Swift Dash for Heights

It took one battalion only 20 minutes to dash down the southern slope, wade the river, and entrench itself at the crest of the first slope beyond. It took the forces engaged there five days of the bittered fighting to move a kilometer further to capture Serres and Seringes, and make the heights untenable for the Crown Prince's forces.

For the Americans engaged, it meant, after the first rush, an artillery battle of the heaviest kind, great guns brought into play, while neither side could boast the deep entrenchments of the older lines. It was a dash to capture Serres and Seringes, and make the heights untenable for the Crown Prince's forces.

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It has been said that Seringes changed hands several times. As a matter of fact, the American Artillery blasted the Germans out of all but one corner of the town, and, after mopping it up, the Americans held it for the remainder of the campaign. The enemy clung to his corner until he made his retreat from that entire sector on August 2.

### They Never Let Go

It has been said that Serres changed hands nine times in as many days. The Yankee regiment that took it will tell you that it grabbed Serres on the first day and never let go again.

What happened was that American regiments rushed and held positions on either side of the gun-bristling village. That the village itself, however, became a No Man's Land, in which, through five days and nights, venturesome patrols did battle from time to time.

Neither town was important in itself, and both stood out in the communications and dispatches because, visible on all maps, they were easily identifiable, if not easier to capture than the nameless, blood-drenched crests between.

The first rush across the Ourcq which preceded the battle on the heights where these two towns were made in the early hours of Sunday morning, July 28. It was a dash to capture Serres, pursuing the German army, who pushed from time to time to resist violently. All the way, the Yankees had been hampered by clusters of machine guns and the backward play of the German forces tearing up the fields. The pursuit was made itself, however, twisting roads, cut by shells and made muddier and muddier by the intermittent squalls of summer rain.

### Already Across River

The pursuit was hot, the scheme to keep the enemy on the jump. The plan and order was to advance from the heights below the Ourcq to the heights beyond at 4:30 Sunday morning. As the time approached, it became apparent that all the elements would not be ready nor all the Artillery needed yet in position.

An order to delay the advance was rushed down the line, but it is part of the price paid for such a hot and harassing pursuit that communications are, naturally, not always perfect, and when the countermanding order reached one regiment, its first battalion was already across the river, and when it reached another, the advance battalion was already in the dust of its first charge.





## U. S. NOW INSIGNIA FOR ALL OFFICERS OF LAND FORCES

War Department's Order  
Tends to Creation of  
Single Army

### NEW PROMOTION RULINGS

Seniority Will Count Only Where  
Other Requirements for Posts  
Are Absolutely Equal

As a result of the experience of the A.E.F. in France, the Commander-in-Chief deemed it advisable that the insignia "U.S." be adopted for all officers and so recommended to the War Department. The War Department, holding the same view, has issued an order conforming to the recommendation of the Commander-in-Chief.

The result, particularly as it concerns the A.E.F., is the creation of a homogeneous officer body and will tend to the creation of one army—the U.S. Army. Pursuant to instructions from the War Department, no more recommendations will be made for the issue of Reserve Corps or National Guard commissions in the line of the Army, according to a new general order, No. 124.

In future, Reserve officers and National Guard officers will be recommended for promotion into the National Army. This rule, as well as those that follow, governs the recommendation of A.E.F. officers up to and including the grade of colonel.

Seniority will be a determining factor in promotion only in cases where two or more officers are recommended for promotion and are held to be equally efficient.

Regular Army officers holding permanent or provisional appointments in the line of the Army, or in any established staff corps or department, will be recommended for promotion to the National Army in the order of seniority, with certain exceptions.

Infantry and Cavalry officers will be continued on a single list and be recommended for promotion in accordance with their total length of commissioned service. The same is true of Field Artillery and Coast Artillery officers except that the former will be recommended for promotion to fill vacancies in light artillery organizations and the latter in heavy artillery.

#### Must Wait Three Months

An officer who is inefficient or who is otherwise unqualified to perform the duties of the next higher grade will not be recommended for promotion in his turn, but the qualified officer next to and junior to the one found unqualified will be recommended. The officer found unqualified will, at the end of three months, again be first on the list in his grade for consideration for promotion. Recommendations for promotion out of turn will be made in recognition of gallantry in action and of marked efficiency.

Questions arising under these last two considerations will be determined by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F., after considering the recommendation of immediate and higher commanders and the available official records.

Unavailability of promotion between line and staff. A Regular Army officer holding a temporary commission in any branch of the service other than that in which he holds a permanent commission will not be recommended for promotion before the time he has been recommended had he received an appointment to the staff or the service in which he holds a permanent or provisional commission.

#### If Line Officer Is Called

When a vacancy occurs which requires the service of a line officer, recommendation will be made that the vacancy be filled by promotion from the list of line officers, which, with respect to total length of commissioned service, is further behind in promotion. An officer called to fill such a vacancy must, of course, be qualified for the post.

All officers who do not hold temporary or provisional appointments in the Regular Army, that is, National Army, National Guard or Reserve Corps, will be recommended for promotion to the National Army by selection from the next lower grade.

Other things being equal, recommendations will be based on seniority. Seniority will be determined, in the case of officers of the Officers' Reserve Corps, by the date of the order placing them on active duty, and in the case of other officers, by the date of the rank given in their commissions.

When the date of rank is the same, the officer having the longest commissioned service, continuous or not, in the Army of the United States prior to his present appointment, is the senior. This includes service as a commissioned officer of the Regular Army, volunteers or drafted forces, and an officer of the Officers' Reserve Corps on active duty in that capacity. It does not include service as a commissioned officer of the National Guard, called into the service of the United States or otherwise.

#### According to Age

If these rules do not establish the claim to seniority, officers will take rank according to age. And if the coincidences still keep up and even the ages are identical, rank will be determined by lot. It is not considered likely, however, that this method will have to be resorted to.

Recommendations for promotion will also be made to fill vacancies in tables or organizations which are authorized by the War Department or by the Commander-in-Chief. In the case of all officers serving in France, in positions which are not definitely provided for by authorized tables of organization, recommendations will conform to the principle that the proportion of officers of any arm, corps or detachment of the National Army shall not exceed the proportion authorized by the National Defense act for the same grade in the corresponding branch of the Regular Army, except that the number commissioned in the lowest grade shall not be limited.

Recommendation will be made, on the one hand, from the Regular Army, or on the other hand, from among the other classes of officers, in accordance with the best interests of the service as a whole.

#### CAPPER SEEKS SENATORSHIP

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Aug. 8. In Kansas, Arthur Capper, present governor, will leave for Washington, twice governor, Charles F. Scott, congressman for ten years, and Joseph Bristow, United States senator for six years, are out for the Republican primary nomination for the United States senate.

## MEDICINE FOR SICK GERMANS



## SPEEDY RUNNERS NORTH OF OURCQ RACE WITH DEATH

Continued from Page 1

admirable, but its machinery is too heavy and its mechanism too delicate for the climaxes of open warfare.

The wireless is wonderful until the German buzzer jams it. Lamps, flags, every type of visual signaling, cannot be employed in such advantage on a shifting battlefield all cut with groves and knolls, and sometimes catch the enemy eye and draw his fire on the signal man.

#### Back to First Principles

In such fighting as drove the armies of the Crown Prince from the Marne to the Vesle, the leaders in battle revert to first principles in more ways than one. One way is their heavy dependence on that same device which served the Israelites in their battles against the Philistines, served the Athenians in their wars against all the world. That device is the human messenger, the runner of the battlefield.

Most of them are young boys of 18 or 19. Their work is important beyond measure. It is dangerous because sometimes they cannot reach and take cover, though their path leads them through a certain fire. It is a little more difficult because the runners must go their way alone, without the treatable life and cheer it gives a fighter to have his brother fighters shoulder to shoulder with him.

Perhaps, on the other hand, it is a little easier because the runner has one definite task before him, without any prying of choice. He has a single thing to do. He must carry the message to Garcia. And he does—or dies trying. Very often, on the heights that lie to the north of the Ourcq, he died trying.

#### Getting It Through

One would crawl to the major's dugout, forgetting to chuck the cigarette that dangled from the corner of his mouth as he nonchalantly delivered the message, cool and unafraid. The next he would dash to the major's side, drop to his knees and spit out his message with clenched hands, popping eyes and lips so trembling that he could scarcely make himself understood. But though the whole world seemed to shake with the thunder of the guns, though the bullets from the hidden machine guns fell like hail about them, each kind delivered his message.

Sometimes the path was so perilous and the word so vital that three were charged with the one message. You can imagine them crouching in the dugout, straining at the leash as it is read to them in quick, sharp sentences. Have they got it? The three bend nod. Then, like pistol shots, the lieutenant gives the signals. "Lannigan!" And Lannigan is gone. They give him two hundred yards start. "Jenks!" Jenks is off.

"Lannigan!" The message is on its way. The adjutant goes back to his work, hoping that one of the three will get through, praying that all of them will. From the number of substitutes, battalion sergeant-majors, intelligence section aids and many more who turned runners through these sleepless days and nights, you can guess how many of the regular groups, with the red bands on their sleeves, fell by the way, sometimes killed outright, often so wounded that they could only lie in the field and try their best to catch a passerby and send the word by him—the word on which the lives of a company might hang as on a thread.

#### Running His Last Race

Many caught up a message and went on with it, though they knew it had fallen to them because the others who had tried were dead. Many got all the way, though they were shot as they ran, the private, with a hole in his abdomen, "old his hand over that hole and somehow carried his message the last eighth of a mile across a field that the German guns were blasting. After he had delivered his message, he died.

On the day the Yanks went across the Ourcq and up the hill, Private M. A. Treptow of Iowa ran his last race from the company to the battalion. He had almost reached his post when a machine gun dropped him.

Latterly, in the pocket of his blouse, they found his precious diary. On its first page, he had written something that many a man in his company has since copied into his own diary. It was this:

America shall win the war;  
Therefore I will work,  
I will save,  
I will sacrifice,  
I will endure,  
I will fight cheerfully and do my utmost, as if the whole issue of the struggle depended on me alone.  
Treptow had called this "My Pledge," and thereto he had subscribed his name.

## HUSTLING JASBOS LAY THEIR GUNS TRUE

Artillerymen Catch Up to  
Mark and Find They  
Hit Squarely

### FIRING WITH OPEN SIGHTS

Hun Machine Gun Nests Plastered  
from Neighboring Ridge and  
Infantry Does Rest

American Artillerymen have found at least two thrills in their work through the big advance, despite the old belief that most of the thrills remain for the infantry.

"No," said a young lieutenant. "I didn't see our shells hit, but that didn't matter. It was even more fun the way it worked out."

"You see, first we would do all our map reading and orienting and then send our data for adjustment on a certain cross road or a certain part of the village ahead. Either target might be 4 or 5 kilometers away. Then we'd open fire and very likely a few minutes later would move on up with the advance."

"Where did the thrill come in? Why, in coming up to that cross road or town you had been shooting at and finding the spot blown to hell and back—nothing but a hole where the cross road was and nothing but scattered brick where the house once stood."

"Thrills? There's nothing like it when you come up and find you had it doped to a square foot from five kilometers away."

#### Robbing the Nests

That isn't the only artillery thrill this last rush produced. On at least two occasions word was passed to the light Artillery that just over outlying crests, in a ridge of woods beyond, machine gun nests had been spotted by forward observers who were on the job.

"The prettiest sight I've seen in this war," said one of the observers, "was the battery coming up the hill. Did it lay back to spray the machine guns with indirect fire from the map? Not even a second. When it got the word, the horses came up near the top on a gallop, the guns were rushed right to the crest and almost before the astonished Hun knew what was happening, 'the horse and light' were raking them with direct fire, sniping as directly and as surely as any rifleman could do."

Cheers from the Doughboy. On each occasion the light Artillery secured its range and direction with amazing quickness and the machine gun nests were blown into fragments, leaving the infantry an easy and safe gain across the way to gather up the fragments.

No one cheered louder than the infantry, who had drawn more than the usual allotment of charging forward into these positions where the Artillery was unable to furnish any aid.

If any one thinks that there is no thrill in Artillery work, let him ask one of those gunners or any other member of the gun squad who stood out in the open on the top of a ridge using a field piece as one would use a rifle.

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## VEGETABLES ABOUND IN MANY MESS HALLS

Permanent Camps Enjoy  
Garden Delectables and  
Save Tonnage

Radishes, green onions, lettuce and half a dozen other summer delectables have been for several weeks on the menus of most of the troops in the A.E.F. that are stationed at permanent camps. The amateur farmers of the S.O.S., who in their idle time last spring set out war gardens, are reaping the fruits—or, rather, the vegetables—of their endeavor.

Gardens at practically all the base hospitals, where convalescents did their trick with the hoe before returning to active duty, have turned out highly successful. Fresh vegetables in abundance supplement the regular rations. The same is true of the casual and rest camps, where troops passing through devoted their spare time to working the gardens for the benefit of future tenants, and of the various depots where organizations are permanently stationed.

With the bulk of the harvest yet to come in the line of potatoes, corn and more substantial vegetables, the war gardens already have produced an appreciable supply of food, thereby saving a valuable amount of ship tonnage for the transport of other supplies.

#### NUMBERS MUST BE USED

Owing to the fact that there are many duplications of names in this Army of 1,300,000 men and more to come, C.O.'s statistical and personnel officers are directed in Bulletin 49 to see that the Army serial number assigned each man be used on all documents pertaining to the soldier.

This includes all rolls, reports, returns and correspondence.

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Business: R. H. Waldo, Capt., Inf., U.S.R.; William K. Michael, 1st Lieut., French paper; Milton J. Ayers, 1st Lieut., Inf., U.S.R.; Adolph Ochs, 2nd Lieut., Cav., U.S.R.; Stuart Carroll, Q.M. Sgt., Q.M.C.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1918

The net paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of August 2, 1918, was 155,821, an increase of 10,225 over the previous week.

### THE FRONT—

This newspaper occasionally finds moments of embarrassment in the fact that it is written not only by and for but also about the American Army, so that when in its excitement, it gives vent to a cheer for the Yankee soldier, it might seem to present the unedifying spectacle of the A.E.F. applauding itself.

But just now a great part of the A.E.F. is cheering from the bottom of its heart for another great part. To all the American soldiers whom fate touched on the shoulder and summoned into the Second Battle of the Marne, every other American in France takes off his hat today.

They were called into a battle as fraught as Gettysburg in its consequence to the world for war or peace, called in numbers greater far than ever the field of Gettysburg beheld. And through that last night of July, 1918, between the Marne and the Ourcq, they fought with such splendid dash and such high, exalted courage that today every other American in France salutes them reverently.

In that battle, they have so borne themselves that every other American soldier wears his uniform a little more proudly, and in his eyes the dear star spangled banner gleams more brilliant in the morning sunlight.

### —AND BEHIND THE LINES

At how many proud and anxious homes across the sea the folks must have waited for the tidings the swift couriers brought from the banks of the Marne and the Ourcq! Can't you see the knots hanging over every flicker, the eager, jostling crowds blocking the traffic under every bulletin board? Can't you hear the bells sounding in solemn jubilation from every steeple?

But even America, with all its care and all its prayers for us, cannot have felt quite the thrill of that battle as it has coursed through the S.O.S.

As never before, those who must toil night and day in rushing forward the supplies have felt their part in the war. As never before the engineers trundling forth the new locomotives, the stevedores unloading the new ammunition, the hospital corps men and nurses getting ready the beds for their pals who would be hurt, have felt their shoulders pressing against the wheel, felt the strain of the push, the great sleepless, unrelenting, heaving push which will one day, please God, shove the German army across the Rhine.

### FIGHTING MEN

Here are two pictures of fighting men. The first picture carries a group of three men—Jack Dempsey, aged 23, standing over the prostrate form of Fred Fulton, aged 28, the conqueror looking on beyond to the massive form of Jess Willard, aged 33, sulking in his tent until a bigger purse is offered.

They are all "fighting men." At least that is the trademark they have proudly grappled.

The second picture has a lone entry. It is a picture of Scotty, aged 16, lying dead across his beloved shosho with a bullet through his brain, and out beyond him 30 German dead who had fallen before his fire.

We read where there were "thousands who acclaimed Dempsey's victory." There were no thousands to acclaim Scotty's fall, for his place was out in a French forest, where the thousands around him were too busy fighting themselves to speak through any voice save the rifles.

There are hundreds of loyal boxers from home in the A.E.F. We know how these two pictures must strike them. Just as we know how all the intense anxiety among many back home to crowd into a world's series and the winner's end must strike all loyal ball players serving under a greater flag than the pennant over here.

### THE GOLD STRIPE

It is a poor week which does not bring to this office several dozen inquiries about the gold service chevron. Who can wear it? Does service with the French or British or Canadian Armies count? Can ambulance men compute their service before they were sworn into the American Army? The easiest way to answer these inquiries is to dispose of them in a group by repeating the specific and unalterable rule regarding the method of computing the period of service that counts toward the chevron.

One gold chevron can be worn for every six months which a man has spent as a

member of the American Expeditionary Forces, beginning with the date on which he left United States territorial waters—if he left in an American uniform.

If a man came to France, say, with the first Canadian contingent and was transferred to the A.E.F. in 1917, his right to the chevron must be computed from the date of his transfer.

If a man came to France in 1916 as an ambulance driver and did not become a member of the A.E.F., even though he worked with the A.E.F. many months, until this year, he must reckon his right to the chevron from the day he took his oath to defend the Constitution of the United States.

No one in this wide and war-torn world will have the right to wear a third chevron until October. Anyone who sports three chevrons before that time—or who sports one at any time before he has been a member of the A.E.F. six months—is, whether he cares to look at it that way or not, a faker and a parader of honors he has not earned.

### NONE TOO GOOD

"Greater love," says the Bible, "hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

The American private has shown a still greater love for his country. He has come 3,500 miles from home, minus the glory and trappings of rank, prepared to give up his life—and something more—for the land he loves. He is giving up the comfort and ease and the dreams he knew at home for the long drudgery and monotony of training, not to speak of revolve and chow and inspection and stable or K.P. details too numerous to mention.

All this is but the prelude to the life forfeiture he stands ready to make, and often makes, at the end of the road. He has the greatest job in the war, because his job entails the greatest sacrifice, and this is a war of service.

An officer of considerably higher rank than a private saw a line of Yanks move to the attack, cheerful, nervous, on the job, as they headed for almost certain death into a machine gun nest. Later, he saw many of them come back, shot up, dripping blood and minus food and water for more than just a few hours. But, limping or reeling, they returned from the attack as they went to it—cheerful and nervous, without a whimper or complaint, only sorry they couldn't go on to the finish with their pals. They took nothing to their credit, and they looked for no reward. They had merely done a job, and they didn't stop to figure that it was the biggest job of the Army. And the officer, looking on, said it all:

"God! There's no living man too good to be a private in the American Army!"

### CHAINED

Dead German gunners have been found north of Château-Thierry chained to their machine guns.

That is only a minor detail. The main fact is that all Germany is chained to Kaiserism, chained to a wild madness without a parallel in the world's history. Chained to machine guns? Why not? A nation that is willing to remain chained to Kaiserism, militarism, and the madness of world domination, regardless of any cost, would not be likely to bother about a chain that ran from ankle to machine gun.

It can do what it likes about this ankle chain. It is the other chain that we are going to break in behalf of the liberty, peace, and safety of the world.

### TAKE CARE OF YOUR STUFF

Just because you know there is a salvage depot attached to this Army of yours, the business of which is to mend your ripped pants so that you or somebody else can wear them again, is no reason for you to go out and rip them for the mere fun of the thing.

If you rip them "in line of duty," nobody will kick at fixing them up. But if you rip them from sheer carelessness, you are going to put just that much unnecessary work on to an already hard-worked organization. More important still, you are going to delay that organization just so much in pushing really necessary repair work essential to the winning of the war.

Carelessness with your stuff means waste to the Government and people who paid their good money for it and sent it over here for your comfort and protection. Such waste means time lost in making it shipshape again. And time lost on needless, avoidable repair jobs means nothing more or less than a longer war for us all.

### TO THE CRITIC BACK HOME

There are certain patriots back home who admit that they are willing to support the Army program up to a certain point, but who insist that they have a right to rise up at any moment with any criticism they may care to make.

They begin their support with a brick held in the right hand, looking for the first chance to let the brick fly.

No such fifty-fifty support is wanted by the A.E.F. This is no fifty-fifty war in any sense. There is no fifty-fifty stuff in the soul of the soldier who swings out over the top under heavy fire.

These back home patriots who do not intend to go the whole distance with the A.E.F. with all they've got should never start at all. They are merely clogging up the road. They may mean well enough, but they are not hooked to our kind of a war.

There are but two kingdoms ahead—the kingdom of Liberty and the kingdom of Kaiserism.

"Under which king, Bezonian? Speak, or die!"

### GOING STRONG

One million three hundred thousand American soldiers sent to France. One million three hundred thousand lives entrusted to the fellows who flaunt red chevrons where ours—if we're corporals or better—are O.D., who wear their trousers slumped down, and call their kitchen the galley.

They've been true to that trust. They're going stronger than ever. The A.E.F. hasn't forgotten you, brother gobs.

## The Army's Poets

### THE OLD GAME AND THE NEW

This game is not the game they knew  
Before they faced the guns;  
The game that called for tackle drives,  
Or cracking in the runs;  
The game they played on friendly sod  
Beneath a friendly sky,  
To poke a double down the line,  
Or snag the winging fly.

They had no forty years of drill  
Goose-stepping down the field;  
No endless talk of gun and lance,  
Of helmet and of shield;  
They heard no call of "Blood and Iron!"  
No thought of endless dead,  
No call to leave their ancient hearths,  
To turn the rivers red.

Until the time came—and they knew,  
And with no backward glance,  
Their long lines gathered for the test  
Upon the fields of France;  
And with the same old "hit or out,"  
Through German steel and flame,  
They held the shield of their youth—  
"Heads up—and play the game!"

A new game? Yes, but still a game  
For those who had the heart  
To crack a line or spill an end  
Along the sportive mart;  
And so the slogan, born of old,  
Shall be their final aim—  
"Come on and show me something, kid;  
Heads up—and play the game!"

### THOSE NON-COMS

Holy smokes, I ain't no youngster,  
I'm old enough to vote,  
Still those fellows with de chevrons  
Always make me de goat.  
You'd think I was a school kid  
By de hours dat I keep;  
Say, before its ten o'clock  
Dey're rocking me to sleep.  
Den early in de morning,  
When it's as cold as hell,  
"Up, up, you lot of loafers,"  
Dey all begins to yell.  
Den we fills our fire box  
Till we have had enough;  
I guess it's good and healthy,  
But I don't like that snuff.  
Den it's out into de pasture  
For daily exercise;  
Dey walks, an' walks, an' walks us,  
Dey've got no heart, den guys,  
All day dey keeps us moving,  
Dey say dat's what we needs,  
Arin when dey calls for supper,  
We're waddly in de knees,  
I guess dere's something in it  
From de way it makes me feel—  
I sirs was soft and flabby,  
Now I'm as hard as steel.  
I don't mean to raise no holler,  
"Cause I ain't no yeller guy;  
Besides, dey'll get me ready  
To make de Kaiser fly.  
Itay T. Boyd, — Engrs.

### TO E. P.

O, my Love, do remember  
The dreams of bygone years,  
The castles we built with sunshine,  
The rivers we filled with tears,  
The journeys we planned in the evening  
When the tasks of the day were done—  
And do you remember, Sweetheart,  
Our hopes for the years to come?

O, my Heart, can distance lengthen  
The hours 'twixt love days and war,  
Or do not the spaces lengthen  
The merry of scenes gone before?  
And are you not happy, dear, to know  
That love is a deathless bond,  
That its majesty towers the shadows,  
That it reaches the sunshine beyond?

O, my Life, try to remember  
Those dreams of long ago,  
Framed in our childhood dreamland,  
Where the sowers had yet to sow,  
And hark, 'mid the din of the conflict,  
To a promise made sacred by war,  
To a soldier's resolve to remember  
The deeds and the dreams, dear, of yore.

In a shell-torn, bleeding village,  
These lines of hope are penned  
While now, by our God, we have sworn  
That the vandals' tide shall be stemmed,  
And there, Love, there, the shadows  
A halo of right will enhance,  
As out of this burning hellfire  
Will rise the freed soul of France.

Pvt. Henry T. Samson, F.A.

### THAT AGONY QUARTETTE

When you're feelin' rather blue  
And you don't know what to do;  
When this old world seems drear and dark as jet;  
When you think of home, sweet home,  
And the girl across the beam,  
Your thoughts are rudely shattered by "That  
Agony Quartette"

"Sweet Rosie O'Grady, my dear little rose,"  
"Things on my fingers and bells on my toes,"  
"Little Annie Rooney," by the old mill stream,  
And "Don't wake me up, let me dream, dream, dream."

When the night with yells is teeming,  
And a million exits are screaming,  
And all you do is rave and fume and fret,  
Though the music's not divine,  
Take a tin, old pad of mine,  
It's sure a whole lot sweeter than "That  
Agony Quartette"

"One, two, three, four, sometimes I wish there  
wer' more."  
"Ein, zwei, drei, vier," a thousand songs or  
more;  
And then you'll hear the tenor sing "Sweet  
Adeline."

"I found you among the roses"—"Caroline,"  
Adeline,  
Oh, the hee-haw of a donkey  
And the screech of a monkey  
Are music in comparison, you bet;  
Don't waste your time in weeping,  
Or try dodging it—no sleeping  
When you hear the chorus of "That  
Agony Quartette."

"We'll build a little home in the U.S.A."  
"Meet me at twilight, sweetheart," "On moon-  
light bay."  
"Better dry your eyes," "See're mammy's coal  
black rose,"  
"Pract'ly 'bake"—Where the river Shannon  
flows.

Corporal Jack Warren Carroll, F.A.

### TO BUDDY

It's a tough fight on you, Buddy,  
And it takes a heap of grit  
To stick and win  
And keep your grin  
When you're in the thick of it.

It's no cinch for you, Buddy,  
When the dreams with which you came  
Melt into naught  
As you are taught  
The horrid, bitter game.

It's a hard pull for you, Buddy,  
And oft times it looks damned blue,  
But square your chin  
And vow to win,  
And play the game—clean through.

For there's a great time coming, Buddy,  
A time worth waiting for—  
When Kultur's done  
And all is won,  
And the boys come home from war.

Oh, she'll be waiting, Buddy,  
And the love-light in her eye  
Will shine with joy  
As Her Big Boy  
Goes proudly marching by.

It's a hard road for you, Buddy,  
But it's more than worth the game  
To buck all fears  
So mother's tears  
Will be for joy—not shame.

Corp. Howard J. Green, Inf.

### THE ELUSIVE COOTIE

His teeth are sharp and he's quick on his feet,  
His office is just where your shirt and pants  
meet;  
From the top of your head to the tip of your  
toes.

The tiny, elusive wanderer goes.  
You can duck a bullet, dodge a shell,  
Race a shrapnel sent from hell,  
But the wise Old Doc, is sure to find  
Your speed won't leave the cooties behind.  
James L. Roberts, U.S.M.C.

## "YOU SEE IT HAPPENED THIS WAY—"



## DISGUSTUS QUIETUS

### IT'S A DISEASE THAT IODINE AND C. C. PILLS CAN'T CURE

There is a new disease in the A.E.F.  
It is rampant in a zone beginning just out  
of hearing of the big guns and extending back  
to the base ports. It is known as *disgustus  
quietus*.

The symptoms are a long face, melancholia  
and a ruined disposition, frequently accom-  
panied by a mental aberration on the part  
of the victim that the world is plotting against  
him. Iodine and C.C. pills have had no effect  
upon the malady and it has been listed, "No  
cure known."

A reporter of THE STARS AND STRIPES  
personally investigated a private afflicted with  
*disgustus quietus*, with the results disclosed  
in the following faithfully quoted dialogue:

Reporter:—Nice camp you have here—wash-  
room, shower baths and everything. Right  
near town, too.

Private:—I enlisted 16 months ago.  
R.—Probably got a pass to go into town  
every evening.

R.—They put me herding beans around in  
a truck as soon as I hit France.  
R.—Don't have taps until 11 o'clock Satur-  
day nights and a half-day off on Sunday.  
Pretty soft, eh?

R.—I've hauled 17,478,523,411 beans—and  
then some.  
R.—Don't have to worry about lights here  
No airplanes would ever get this far.

R.—Swing a million beans, and I never  
heard a gun go off.  
R.—Nice and quiet all the time. You can  
sleep for a full night's sleep here.  
R.—It wasn't so bad until the censors let

us tell where we were. The folks used to  
think I was up at Toul.

R.—No shells whistling around, and no  
hiking into dugouts.

R.—And look at the little girl. What'll she  
say? Thinks I'm over here bleeding and dying  
for my country.

R.—Fine Y.M.C.A. but you've got here.

R.—"S.O.S." I wrote her. "What does  
that mean?" she says. "Sending over  
Shrapnel."

R.—Got a good canteen, too. Cigarettes  
and chocolate and everything.

R.—S.O.S. I stands for Something of a  
Scandal, I say.

R.—And a piano, too.

R.—Or, Simply Only Stung.

R.—And a moving picture machine.

R.—My kid brother joined the Army eight  
months ago and he's killed six Germans, al-  
ready. Going to get the D.S.C.

R.—Have a movie show every night, I guess.

R.—Only order I've received is half a  
month's pay for not cleaning my truck.

R.—Have a ball game every evening after  
dinner.

R.—Look at me. "Battle! The loudest ex-  
plosion I've heard was a fire going out."

R.—And a league game every Sunday after-  
noon. Certainly some station you've got here.

R.—I joined the Army to go to war, not  
to go into the wholesale bean business.

R.—I can quote you as being entirely sat-  
isfied with this war, then?

R.—Yes, you cannot.

### THRIFT STAMPS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
The papers that are being received from  
home make mention of the extensive campaigns  
being carried on for the sale of War  
Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps. Before  
leaving the States I had purchased several of  
them, and it was my intention to keep adding  
to the book I had each month. I made an  
effort to obtain some here in France, but was  
informed that the postal authorities were not  
handling this feature of the postal service as yet.

The members of the A.E.F. responded re-  
markably well when the opportunity was af-  
forded them to purchase Second Liberty Loan  
Bonds, and it seems to me that if the War  
Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps were put  
on sale here, the post office would be a busy  
center each day. Most of the men who  
wish to save what little they can from their  
monthly pay check are in a quandary as to  
how to do their banking.

The money order division at the various  
post offices is a very busy place each pay day,  
and, furthermore, this is more or less an un-  
satisfactory method of sending money home.

Aside from the banking facilities that will  
be placed at the disposal of the members of  
the A.E.F. if these stamps are placed on sale  
here, I feel sure that the men will also pur-  
chase them from a patriotic standpoint.

It may be that some arrangements are under  
way to place these stamps on sale in France,  
but if not, I hope that THE STARS AND  
STRIPES will be in a position to present the  
matter for consideration.

A Subscriber

### A HAWKEYE SPEAKS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
I have received THE STARS AND  
STRIPES for May 31st, 1918, and I have read  
it with the greatest of interest. You are mak-  
ing a real newspaper. You certainly have a  
good plant, good press, working men, good  
and good editing. We are doing our best to  
keep the home fires burning here in the heart  
of the Central West.

I look as an editorial theme the burial of  
Julius Krammer, a German prisoner, gleaming  
from page two of THE STARS AND  
STRIPES.

I have read with the greatest of interest the  
observance of American Memorial Day and I  
am pleased to know that the orator of the  
day was Brand Whitlock, American Minister  
to Belgium, with whom I have a personal  
acquaintance.

This part of the country is patriotic in the  
extreme. We have a great enthusiasm here  
called Camp Dodge, where new soldiers are re-  
ceived and trained before they are sent to  
France. I write for the purpose of wishing  
success to THE STARS AND STRIPES, to all  
the dear boys who are fighting for us in  
France and Belgium.

LAFAYETTE YOUNG,  
Publisher, the Des Moines "Capital"

### STARS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
I have noticed an article in your paper in  
regards to stars worn with service stripes. I  
would like to suggest that an excellent plan  
for stars would be to give the right to each  
previous service officer and enlisted man to  
wear a gold star for each five years of service  
in the Regular Army, Navy, Marine Corps and  
National Guard.

There are many old soldiers in the A.E.F.  
who have seen service in the Islands, China,  
Panama, and Cuba who are not entitled to  
show any mark for such service, but a star  
for every five years would indicate previous  
service.

Please don't think that as a whole our old  
soldiers care to decorate ourselves with a  
bunch of ribbons, etc., but as the powers have  
given us wound and service stripes, I think  
it just to let us wear some symbol to show  
our former service.

Pati. F. Mossmy,  
Sgt. — 1st Engrs.

### UNDER THE SHELL

(From the Red Cross Bulletin)  
The Home Communication Service up in its  
Paris quarters in the "M annex" does not  
have many soldier visitors. But one came in  
Saturday afternoon.

"How did you hear about us?" asked Cap-  
tain H. B. Spelman, one of the chiefs of the  
Service.

"Well, I tell you, friend," replied the sol-  
dier. "Yesterday afternoon I was walking  
along not noticing much where I was going  
and I slipped into a shell hole. There was an  
unexploded shell in that hole with a news-  
paper under it. It's against general regula-  
tions and all that kind of thing to pick up an  
unexploded shell, but that newspaper looked  
like good luck to me, so I turned it over."

"That newspaper was THE STARS AND  
STRIPES, and it had your ad in it, offering  
to help men in trouble. I had something on  
my mind for several days that I didn't know  
how to get settled, and your offer just hit  
me. I came to Paris today and got it off  
my mind. That newspaper and that shell cer-  
tainly did stand me in good luck."

### "LET'S GET 'EM"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
Note that in the last anecdote of the "Along  
the Fighting Front from Soissons to Below  
the Marne" in the issue of July 26, sugges-  
tions are requested for a substitute for "Over  
the top," because the latter is now obsolete.

Here's one S.O.S. American who is so proud  
of the front line men of America that he'd  
like to suggest that the best expression for  
the start of the attack is, "Let's get 'em."  
For corroboration I refer you, not to the  
American communiques, but to those of the  
other Allies, fighting beside the Yank.

LAWRENCE DIXSEN, Corp. M.P.

### ANOTHER SUGGESTION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
My knowledge of your newspaper, with its  
consideration and kindness for enlisted men,  
prompts me to write the following:  
In these days when enlisted men's ability  
warrants them taking a course at the O.T.S.  
and becoming commissioned, would it prove  
more practical and beneficial to the Army if  
regimental supply sergeants were given an  
opportunity to qualify as supply officers or  
Quartermaster Lieutenants?

Considering the vast knowledge gained in  
handling paperwork and supplies, such as  
Q.M., ordnance, subsistence, etc., pertaining  
to the requirements of the regiment, which  
is constantly in touch with various depots, it  
would make their chances appear brighter in  
that way than would any possibility of their  
becoming their officers.

Although their knowledge of the various  
parts is great, the actual data and handling  
of the guns is something they are never in  
touch with. Undoubtedly they are qualified  
to lead men, as that is essential to bringing  
supplies up to the various points required.  
The above is not a



## IN SHELL BATTERED CHATEAU-THIERRY

Chateau-Thierry was by no means obliterated either by the battle which ended the Germans there in the first week of June or by the one which drove them from its gates the third week in July. No building in the town, on either side of the Marne, is without some scar of the bombardment or the occupation, but the damage done to many a house was done within its four walls, and the plasterers, paperers, glaziers and cabinet-makers, will work wonders of restoration up and down its battered streets.

The town was systematically pillaged, and if more was not stolen, it was because the Boches had to leave so suddenly that they did not have time to take their plunder with them. The church was piled high with goods gathered in the ransacked town, done up into bundles and addressed by this soldier or that to his folks back in the Fatherland. The stolen goods included everything imaginable from the robes of a priest to the copper faucet of a water-pipe.

The unforgivable thing was the abundant evidence of malicious vandalism, mirrors smashed, paintings smashed, and a painting would be found with a neat, rectangular hole cut out of it, the deliberate malice of an invader who wanted it known he had been deliberately malicious. It is known. And will be remembered.

Curiously enough, a restraining hand kept the vandal from the home of La Fontaine, Jean de la Fontaine, France's beloved poet and master of fables, was born in Chateau-Thierry and dwelt there in the days of his maturity. Pretty much as it looked in the 17th century with its high, outside stairs and its old-fashioned well, it stands now, and American soldiers passing by note that no shell happened to strike its white walls. Inside, the paintings and sculptures are unharmed. The deep cellars served as dug-outs for German officers, judging from the elegance of the bed-linen and comfortable blankets. An American sergeant, surveying the dugout, found and confiscated for his own use some precious German papers left behind in the hurried flight. It was some of Herr Oberst's toilet paper.

Now and for many a day to come there will be great howl in the corners as the returning citizens listen to the tales told by the 200 who stayed—old folks for the most part who managed somehow to live through the one and fifty days of the occupation. How they crept into the gardens at night to look for food, how they lived on the one or two cows killed by shellfire and on the bread the baker baked for the soldiers, the first American wounded soldier back of the German lines and wept because he was so young, how they thrived at the tidings that the battle tide had turned and that the invaders were being driven from their gates—this is the tale of the 200.

The sight of sights in the scarred city is the bridge, the famous triple-arched bridge of stone which spans or used to span the Marne and link together the two parts of the city. It was dynamited during the first battle that swept the streets of Chateau-Thierry in June, the smashing of the bridge halting the rush of the enemy reinforcements and the loss of the town was averted. The bridge was blown up, its falling masonry left a rough path across the river, and by use of ladders, by climbing, sliding, jumping, dropping, the Yanks still employ the old bridge as their footway across the Marne.

Even the most battered house can serve as a billet, and history must record how one detachment of Yanks passing on their way through Chateau-Thierry spent the night sleeping serenely in a great deserted house with many beds in it. They did not know till afterwards that they had put up at a brothel.

The ruins of the old chateau which gave the town its name are not much the worse for the latest battle to beat against the chateau-walls. It was built in the eighteenth century, and little is left of it save a part of the ancient walls, a part of a watch-tower, and moss-grown entrances to its dungeons. Once again these dungeons served as refuges for troops for any shell to reach once again the town watch-towers served defenders, machine gun shot spitting through the narrow apertures where long ago the arrows sped. Half-wrecked machine gun emplacements told of positions within the chateau grounds held until the enemy had engulfed the city; here and there a wall still mark where some French soldier fell, his rusted rifle lying on it, his wound decoration fastened to the cross, the tale of his death scrawled in German.

## PHATIGUE-SQUAD PHILOSOPHY

I care not who writes the songs of an Army so long as I can write its guard rosters.

Compensation: The French soldier may not get paid as much as the American, but he has a lot less trouble with the language of the country.

Never was it said more truly than of the old union-wagon mules: "They are doing their bit."

Lots of guys write home that they are making rapid progress in French when the truth is that the only words they are really sure of are *oui*, *non*, and *biere*.

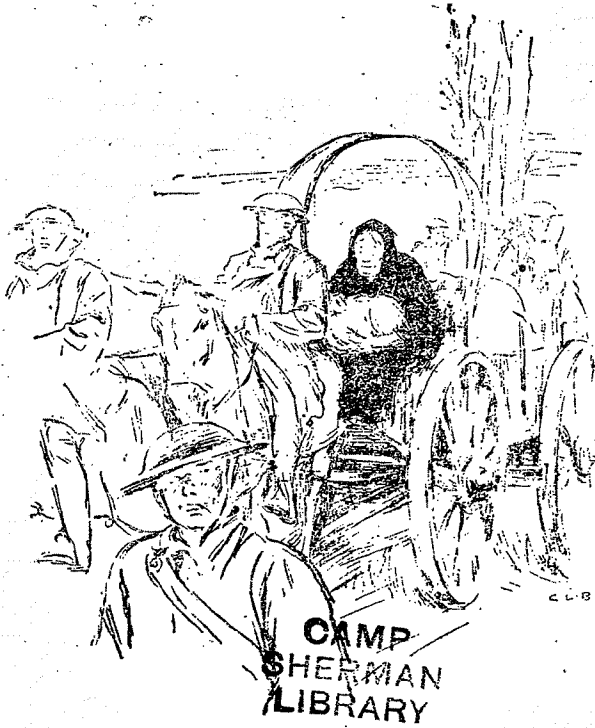
In France, if you announce yourself as a journalist, they think you are a big guy. If you called yourself that in the U.S.A., they'd call you a big stiff.

If a Jock, after five minutes' conversation with you, doesn't lift his knees to show you where he was layoneted the first time, then you haven't made a bit with him.

All the world is peculiar except America; and even some Americans are a little peculiar.

It's not that the Irish don't want to fight; it's simply that they're so anxious to fight they don't know where to begin.

## HER COACH OF HONOR



## HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

PROVING THAT A MULE SKINNER'S LIFE IS NOT EXACTLY  
A FLOWERY BED OF EASE

France, July 13th, 1918.

Dear Henry: Well Henry you ain't got nothing on me much. I'm at the front, ossie. Of course I ain't quite as near as you are maybe but I'm so close it ain't very healthy to go out promoting in no quiet country lane with a madamelle on your arm like I used to do down in the S.O.S.

Well they was a lot of mules coming up here from down in the S.O.S. town where I wrote to you from and it seems that they needed some mule skinner's right quick to take them up. One morning the C.O. come over to our company and wants to know if there's any mule skinner in the doughboys that wants to go to the front.

Now Henry, what I don't know about mules would fill a fair sized encyclopedia. I never even hooked one up before, but it's almost like hooking up a tame horse and I would of done anything Henry to get to the front. So I stepped out of line and pulled my hat over on one side and kind of spit sideways to give the old bird a good impression of the real thing he wanted most right then.

Well Henry I got to come alright. We left the S.O.S. about ten days ago and we just pulled in. All we had to do on the way up was to carry water for them pesky rabbits. I can guess how you Henry, that a mule can drink twice as much water as a elephant any old day.

But the worst part of it now that I'm up here is that I'm still a noncombatant and am still a doughboy too. I enlisted to fight Henry and about the first time I got a chance I'm going right up in the front line through with the doughboys and take a crack at a Hun.

Good luck old Pal.

S. T. B.

France, July 16th, 1918.

Friend Henry: Well Henry I hooked up old Hardboiled and Jennett this a.m.—then's the 2 mules I drew out of the lot Henry—and it was just like pie. The boys all say old Hardboiled has a bad gill and might be bad if he wanted to but if he is never let at this mule. He was just as gentle as a kitten.

The only time he picked up his ears was when the guns started shooting. I guess they must be something doing up on the front from the way it sounds.

Anyway Henry I guess I can get away with this mule skinner's job like it was nothing. The only thing I don't like is that I have to be a noncombatant all the time and can't fight like I want to. But it's a whole lot better than being back in the S.O.S. at that Henry.

So long Henry.

S. T. B.

P.S. Before I turn this over to the censor I'll tell you some more about old Hardboiled. I went out this a.m. to where I got him anchored down to a captured German cannon and what do you think he pulled off Henry? He laid his old grizzled nose on my shoulder just as though he was a kitten. I ain't no more afraid of him now than I am a cat.

You can say what you please Henry but it takes gentleness to get a animal's goat. Treat a mule right and he'll treat you right Henry. I could handle any kind of a mule the army has got on its books and get away with it because I got a neck of handling them with kindness.

Well Henry there goes mess call. I missed some calls in this Army all right but that's one call I don't miss only here it ought to be called stew call because stew is what we got.

S. T. B.

France, July 19th, 1918.

Hollo Henry: Well Henry I guess you are in the big fight and are still alive. If you are you'll get this letter alright. That rampus the other day was the beginning of the big fracas sure enough.

But I guess the Germans are kind of sorry they started it Henry. I'm about 5 kilometers nearer Germany than I was and from the looks of things Henry I'll be about 10 more by morning on acct. of keeping the supplies up to the boys.

But I got a lot of things to tell about Henry. I always maintained being kind to animals was alright and I still do, but that old Hardboiled sure did fool me Henry. He wasn't no common mule, though. He was a Boetie jackass if there ever was one. He's clean across the Rhine and in Germany by this time if he didn't meet a 2 ton shell on the road somewhere.

Here's what happened Henry. Yesterday morning they told me I could hook up and take the chow up to the boys. So I got about 5 p.m. I started out with the chow and 2 K.P.s.

Well to make the story short Henry we got up to where we could see the smoke quite a ways off and stopped as the K.P. said he would find a M.P. to show us the way through. Pretty soon Henry a little shell about the size of a barracks bag came along and hit about 50 ft. behind us and Bingo! We was off to the races Henry. I kept pulling on the springs and hollering at old Hardboiled

## GERMAN-BORN SARGE WINS COMMISSION

But First He's Got to Go  
Home and Get Citizen-  
ship Papers

Perhaps there are a dozen A.E.F. men in the know on this, and perhaps a couple of companies. That doesn't matter so much, but when they get back to the line—after a brief session with the pictures at the Louvre, the beauties of the season and loveliness of earth, etc.—they're going to be long on pity for Fritz. Just because they'll be short a sergeant. The sergeant, you must know, is not a prisoner, nor yet has he been adopted by the publicity experts as an exhibit of Yank ferocity untamed. But he's not hanging out in France for awhile, anyway.

You've got it—he's going to atlay foot sweet foot in America. All because he's shown up so well against the Hun that he's going to be commissioned. But first he has to go home and get his citizenship papers.

### Didn't Like Germany

Ten years ago he lived in Germany, but he and his father and lots of others didn't like it, so they came to a good good country. Make believe his name is Bierstube—for truly it's just such a name as that. For the last nine months, along with a lot of other Americans who can't see this Kultur stuff for snar apples, he's been just naturally taking out his spite on his one-time neighbors and friends of yesterday.

You look at the sergeant and you like his fighting face. His eyes are keen and clear and set at a universal angle, for quick sighting. The boys of the infantry say he has a persuasive way with a rifle and a technique with the cold steel that turns the nerves of his ex-countrymen to frozen kraut, their spines to limp strings of Lieberwurst.

When he takes a platoon over No Man's Land, sometimes the gang will stop for all of a half second to wonder what Germany ever did to him to make him love the Potsdamers as roughly as all that.

### Even to the Haircut

The funniest part about it is that he's built on squarehead lines. Hudenburg pompador and all, and he prattles as easily of raiding parties and encircling movements as he does of the fat little pigs he helped his men round up beyond Chateau-Thierry, when the grub wasn't coming up worth a hoop in Halifax.

Der All Highest, who vass hading soch a fine dime sidlink op on der tower bei Rheims vaiding for dings to habben—and didn't dey habben. Vilhelm?—der All Highest got to vank avile yet ill Sergeant, because me—Shtovait Bierstube gets pook on der chob. Of course, things have been beastly quiet on the Crown Prince's sector, and will those considerable German generals please wait a little while until the Yank comes back with his papers and the God-bless-yon's of the old folks fresh in memory once more?

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To the men who toil in their denim blue  
Where the base ports meet the sea,  
Whose glad hand first reached out to you,  
Whose strong hand first met me—

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**Dock Records Smashed by  
Stevedores as Dough-  
boys Storm Fismes**

**FREIGHT FILLS EVEN DECKS**

**Incoming Ships Unloaded in Hurry  
Whether Trains Are Awaiting  
Cargoes or Not**

At an ever increasing pace are the wheels of the American war machine in France revolving. With the same force with which American line units, in the last few weeks, have made their debut in big scale warfare, hence the other branches of the service upon whose efforts depend the policy and effectiveness of the main in the trenches accomplished their less spectacular but equally important work. On the front and behind the lines recent accomplishment has been equally striking and significant.

More work was accomplished in the S.O.S. by an appreciable percentage during July than in any previous month. More dirt was excavated on the rail lines of communication, more steel was laid, more warehouses were constructed and more conscriptions still at the base ports, more men were landed, more freight was discharged from incoming ships and the efficiency of its handling was materially increased.

On the same day that the American Infantry, looking in the wake of the retreating Germans, gained the outskirts of Fismes, colored stevedores unloading a ship at one of the base ports yesterday discharged 1,200 tons of cargo in 24 hours, a feat which is rarely equaled on the best equipped docks in the United States. The same group of stevedores, over a period of five days, discharged an average of 2,000 tons of cargo per day from one ship, a record more notable still.

### Proving Their Value

The tremendous growth of the A.E.F. this summer has increased proportionately the volume of supplies and munitions which must be landed at the base ports and the docks and railroads carefully planned a year ago by American engineers to handle that vast influx of freight are now proving their immense value.

It is a 24 hours a day grind at the base ports now, where thousands of American colored troops are putting ashore the million and one articles, big and little, which are necessary for the maintenance of a modern army. The severity of ocean tonnage makes necessary the utilization of every ounce of ship capacity and the saving of every possible moment in dispatching supplies to the front.

The Germans reasoned reassuringly a few months ago, that American participation in the war would be small because of the lack of ships. They figured it would take six tons of shipping to support every American soldier in France.

It can't take that much, late authorities estimate that each man will require between three and four tons. Several factors have entered into this reduction, not the least of which is efficient handling of the transports.

**Miles of Docks Beating Germans**  
The miles of American docks which have been built in France in the last year, equipped with modern freight handling machinery, make possible a much quicker dispatch of the ships than the Germans thought possible, and this is accentuated by the energy with which the work is being done.

Moreover, the American transports are scientifically loaded now, so much heavy freight, so much light freight, to utilize to the limit both the dead weight and space carrying capacity of all ships, with large bulk freight on the upper decks.

A common load for a medium sized freighter now is 1,000 tons of steel, 5,000 tons of lighter freight and a deck load of crates, automobiles or airplanes.

This system of loading and handling means making six ships do the ordinary work of seven, or five ships do the ordinary work of six, which in effect is equivalent to adding many new vessels to the American merchant marine.

**Speedy Return for More**  
Once a ship arrives the discharge of freight begins and the work is uninterrupted until the job is completed. If freight cars are available the cargo is dispatched to the warehouses in them.

But if the freight comes faster than the trains can handle, it is piled on the docks or in temporary storage warehouses nearby, to be sent ahead when the congestion is relieved. Above all, the ship is discharged and started back for another load.

Most of the American colored stevedores never saw a ship until they started for France. Now they are proving their worth as cargo handlers. Working in the hold of a ship with an August sun raising heat waves from the deck isn't the easiest job in the Army, but they are breaking records at it and it hasn't dampened their sunny dispositions either.

### YANK CARS IN PLENTY

American-made railroad cars are appearing in abundance on the railroad lines which form the chief American arteries of communication in the S.O.S. There are flats, box cars and tank cars, all of them bearing conspicuously the initials "U.S.A."

The tank cars created something of a sensation among the French population when they first made their appearance. Having found out that Americans are not habitual wine drinkers, and looking upon whiskey as the national American drink, the French concluded that the tanks were for whiskey. It was necessary to explain that they were designed for the transportation of oil and gasoline.

The American car, although modeled after the European railroad wagon, has a carrying capacity almost three times as great.

At the base ports much of the incoming freight is loaded direct on trains and dispatched immediately to storage and distribution bases. From one system of American docks an average of 400 carsloads a day are shipped.

# BASE PORT AND FRONT BOTH SPELL WIN

**STEVEDORES: Seven Days a Week at Ten Hours a Day**



## HERE AND THERE IN THE S. O. S.

Geographically, the A.E.F. may be described as a body of land entirely surrounded by a "No Smoking" fringe. In the interior it is something of a smoker's paradise. But it is emphatically *de fumeur* at both fronts, battle and rear. You frequently can't smoke in the first line because Fritz is watching, and you can't smoke at the other end because you would set the docks on fire.

Colored troops from Louisiana have a "lagniappe" advantage over other American soldiers. Many of them, through living in sections where French still is spoken, are more or less familiar with the language of this land when they get here. But they have their difficulties nevertheless.

"It's dis way," explained one. "Ah talk French perfectly, but not de kind talk in dis country. You see, Ah learned French from nash faithful de pure, classed, de New Orleans French, and dey don't speak dat kind ova' beach."

Henry Clay Smith feels the same way about that ocean voyage as a lot of the rest of us.

"You'll never see me goin' back across dat ocean. Ahm not goin' back to de United States dat way. Ahm going to return by de way of New Orleans."

There is no place in the world where Americans and mosquitoes are living together in a symbiotic relation. It may be said that when the Americans came the mosquitoes go.

The French civilian population in many localities noticed a striking absence of mosquitoes this summer. They couldn't understand it until they found out it was the work of the Americans.

The A.E.F. sanitary corps has been busy at points where Americans are stationed and all stagnant water nearby has been treated with the same oil composition which virtually exterminated the mosquito and overcame fever on the isthmus of Panama.

"Chiggers" it is then.

The plagues of the old "swimming" hole are true internationalists; it seems not only do they thrive in the cracks of the paw-paw and corn country back home, but a Latin branch of the family is in active operation in at least one corner of the S.O.S.

Tommy had come down from the line with coots and itch among the least of his troubles. His troubles once cleared up, coots and itch included, they shed him to a classification camp. There, with a clear skin for the first time in months and a good appetite for the first time in weeks, he discovered himself right merrily, going swimming every day.

And then the coots came back, or the itch, or both. At least, that was what Tommy thought, until one day, in a frenzy of scratching, he was about to swear off bathing for the rest of the war, and was quite red about it.

"Sunbeam" in the next bank, overheard him. "Sunbeam" is called that because "Thunderbolt" would be so much more appropriate. "Sunbeam" said: "Mebbe 'tain't no itch. Mebbe it's jes' dem ornery it chiggers, laik y'all used to have in de States 'em fresh water swimmin'."

"I'll bet you know what—" "if that ain't it," exclaimed Tommy. And investigation proved "Sunbeam" was right.

Indications point to a warm and fairly comfortable winter. The 17 French "chiggers" in the top-and watch-eat-fall-on-the-bottom stoves around which the A.E.F. tried to keep warm last winter are to be materially reinforced. Stoves, apparently, are arriving in quantities. At one place the Q.M. has had a warehouseful stored against the snowy day.

The next thing you know, you may have to wash your mess kit three times instead of the usual twice, and the third time in boiling water. Reason: There may be germs around, and boiling water kills them.

A certain unit has tried both the previous and the three-over way. In the former process, the medical officer in charge noted that while the soapy water in the first pail was, after use, nearly sterile, the clear water in the second pail showed 5,000 to 6,000 "colonies" per cubic centimeter. And colonies, you know, of course, the Philippines are mighty bad things from a medical standpoint.

Accordingly, the unit's mess authorities added the third pail to the kit-washing chain. It is placed over a fire and kept boiling all the time the men are using it. And so far it has worked so well that the unit, which is a large and hefty one, hasn't had a single infectious complaint spread through its ranks.

The example, according to the Chief Surgeon, is "well worth following."

There is a little town in the S.O.S. district that puts its house in order for the influx of Americans. Overnight the

## TRUCKS GO FORWARD SOON AS ASSEMBLED

**Autos Barely Recover from  
Seasickness Before They  
Are Speeded to Front**

Automobiles of all types are arriving in quantities for the use of the A.E.F., and almost as soon as they are landed from incoming steamers they are assembled, tested, tuned up and started inland to begin service. Among the features of the activity at the base ports are the big assembling stations for the reception of gas vehicles.

Automobiles and trucks usually arrive in quantities for the use of the A.E.F., and almost as soon as they are landed from incoming steamers they are assembled, tested, tuned up and started inland to begin service. Among the features of the activity at the base ports are the big assembling stations for the reception of gas vehicles.

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## HOME BOUND MAIL BUNDLED AT BASES

**Big Terminal Sorts A. E.  
F.'s 2,600,000 Letters  
Every Week**

Homeward bound mail from the A.E.F. is to be speeded on its journey by a new method of handling which has been put into effect by the postal service. Hereafter, outgoing mail, in addition to profiting by greater expedition on this side of the ocean, will be sorted and bundled before leaving France so that upon its arrival in the United States it will catch the first train toward its ultimate destination and reach that destination by the quickest route.

The perfecting of this system follows the completion at the principal mail port of a big mail terminal similar to those in New York, Chicago and a few other big cities in the United States. This is a building 30 feet wide and nearly 200 feet long. To it goes nearly all of the A.E.F. outgoing mail. There it is sorted according to its destination.

It is roughly estimated that every man in the A.E.F. writes an average of a letter over two letters or post cards a week, which means that every seven days something over 2,600,000 pieces of mail, not counting packages and papers, arrive at this station.

Eighty experienced postal clerks sort the mail as it is received. They come from every part of the United States, and each, through intimate experience with the section from which he hails, knows just how a letter bound there ought to be routed. Each handles mail for the section with which he is familiar.

As the mail comes in each man sorts the mail for his section. The letters are placed in racks divided into cubby holes. There are 7,500 of these cubby holes, each for a city or town in the United States which are subcenters of distribution for thousands of nearby smaller villages. Just before a mail boat sails the accumulated letters in each rack are tied into packages and these are put in bags marked so that they will be sent direct from New York to the starting point of the mail route along which their contents will be distributed.

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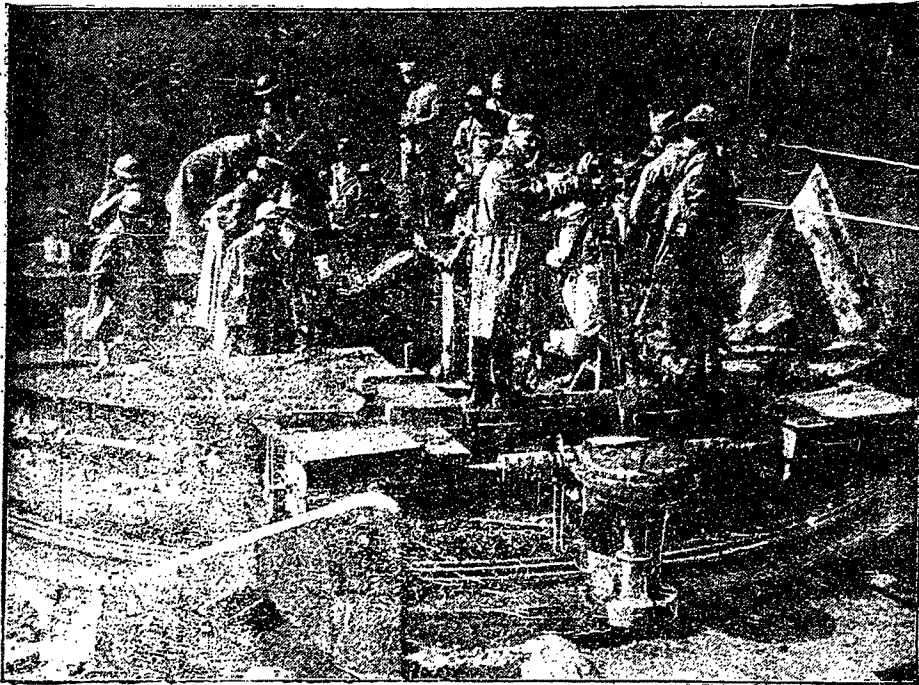
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**-By WALLGREN**

\_\_\_\_\_

## THE HUNS TRIED TO BLOW IT UP FIRST



Big gun base four: in the wake of the German retreat—Their own dynamite only bent it a little at one point.

### YANKEE CHAPLAIN FINDS FRONT LINE ONE GREAT CHURCH

Father Brady Hears Confession Within Range of Hun Machine Guns

BUNKS WITH PRESBYTERIAN

Non-Sectarian Shell Drives Both Catholic and Protestant to New Quarters

DANGEROUS TASK OF BURIAL

Beloved Padre Administers Last Rites to Friend and Foe Alike Near Chateau-Thierry

Father Brady, chaplain in one of the veteran regiments that have fought so hard in the wooded countryside between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry, reached the innermost point of the American position.

There was to be an attack in the early hours of the next morning, and he had run and stumbled and crawled along the line to hear confession throughout his warlike back. Seamy old times who had not so much as crossed the threshold of a church in years and years had bared their souls to him that night and snuggled off to the battle with brighter eyes and lighter hearts.

Now the last young priest was come to the final outpost, and, despite the warning protests of a lieutenant who spotted him, he half ran, half slipped down the slope to a hiding place from which, across a moonlit open space, he could see a new-made shell trench leading with a soldier peeping out of it. Father Brady called across to him in a hoarse whisper:

"Want to confess?"

The soldier nodded. Across the space that separated them the chaplain crawled, and a few minutes later he lay beside the trench, looking up at the stars, his head and the soldier's so close together that they could talk in whispers.

"Well, had, got it off your chest, I'm listening."

The confession followed.

"Ego to absolve."

**Absolution in Strange Places**

And as he crawled back to cover, Father Brady thought that never in all the days of his adventurous priesthood had he uttered the syllables of absolution in a stranger place under stranger circumstances.

Strange, too, are his altars, for on a recent Sunday you might have seen him setting his altar cloth on a shell-wooded tree and saying mass for the faithful on the battle's rim.

One day not long ago he dropped down for a breathing spell. He was dusty and tired, and his once nutty uniform was mussy from having been slept in, and considerably the worse for occasional contacts with barbed wire. For nearly a month he had been snatching his sleep where he could, now in a shell-hole with his overcoat for a pillow, now under a roadside hedge, now in a barn. He had been day and night with his regiment through the long period they had been in the midst of things, now hearing confession within range of the German machine guns, now administering the last rites at the aid station of giving that sacrament to the Catholics among the enemy wounded in the recovered woodland, now burying the dead in shell-torn fields in the hours of the night.

This is work from which many a man would shrink, but if the things his eyes had witnessed in this bloody summer oppressed his spirit you would never have guessed it from his buoyant words. Rather on this day his mind seemed possessed only with wonder at the glory and the miracle which is humanity.

**One Great Church**

"Tis all one great church the front line is," said Father Brady. "In all Christendom, in all the rest of the world put together, you will not find so much unselfishness, so much Christian charity, so much loving kindness as you will find right here in the front line. Here, if anywhere in the world, we are brothers. We feel it. The man in the battle-line knows the two lads on either side of him are his brothers if ever he had any."

"Denomination? Sect? Nonsense!" he said. "That's pretty much forgotten here. They say poverty makes strange bedfellows. Faith, war makes strange bunkies, and 'tis me and my pal, Presbyterian minister have been shelled out of the same quarters together."

surely, the lion and the lamb lie down together."

He chuckled reminiscently. "I was just thinking," he explained, "what a pother they'd have made back home in the queer old days of peace if they'd caught me at a mistake I made the other night, when, in the confusion just before an attack, I heard the confession of one old sinner of a sergeant and had got half-way through before I found out he was a Presbyterian."

"Why, you're no Catholic," I told him.

**Soul Felt None the Worse**

"I know it, Padre," the fellow says to me, "but confession is good for the soul, and mine feels none the worse now I'll tell you."

Even if there were not work there that cried out for him, a chaplain must go to the very front with his regiment, and, except for the moments of actual combat, know all the dangers and privations the others know, or he will forfeit their confidence and fail miserably as a priest. Father Brady could not afford, in the crisis of danger, to lose the trust he had built up through months of preparation, built up by such incidents as the one when the boys caught him blowing in on a chub for them the \$2,000 which had been sent him from America to buy an automobile for himself, the attention that developed when they found he was a good boxer and wrestler, and could referee their fights better than anyone else.

The chaplain's most dangerous task is the nightly burial of the dead under shell-fire. It must be done in the open, for you cannot dig in the rear-lined soil of the trenches.

Father Brady had to bury one night one of the boys who had gone out with him the night before to help him at the same task with others. He has received a call from battalion headquarters, where he told that a man lay dead on the crest of a hill, and, making his way there, turned the face up in the moonlight, and found that the time had come for him to lay away one of the closest of his friends.

**To Friend and Foe Alike**

Father Brady gives the last sacrament to friend and foe alike, for at heart he would say, "The back of my hand to you," to any able-bodied Hun that might run into him, it is a different matter when he goes among the wounded young Americans left on the field and gives them the last consolation of the Holy Church. Sometimes when he bends over them and they see the cross on his uniform they are so nearly spent that they cannot speak and can make their mute appeal only by groping for the rosary at their necks.

The German youngster received the last rites from Father Brady by the roadside, and a few hours later was grinning cheerfully at the chaplain, who encountered him near the aid station, where he was sitting up on his stretcher, handing out souvenirs to his captors, and relishing mightily a cigarette which one of them had stuck between his lips and lighted for him.

### AMENDMENTS PASSED ON ARTICLES OF WAR

Execution of Sentence May Be Suspended if Proper Authority Directs

Death or honorable discharge of a soldier under suspended sentence will hereafter constitute a complete remission of his sentence, according to a War Department edict, amending the 52d and 53d Articles of War, which have been embodied in a new general order at G.H.Q.

The question of suspension of sentences—52d Article of War—is dealt with as follows:

The authority competent to order the execution of a court martial may, at the time the sentence is approved, suspend, in whole or in part, the execution of any such sentence as does not extend to death, and may restore the man under sentence to duty during the suspension of execution.

Any sentence, or any part thereof, so suspended, may be nullified, in whole or in part, except in the case of a person confined in the United States Disciplinary Barracks (or branches), by the same officer who suspended the sentence, by his successor in office, or by any officer exercising appropriate court martial jurisdiction over the sentenced man's command.

The same authority may vacate the order of suspension at any time and order the execution of the sentence, or the part of sentence suspended.

The 53d Article of War is amended as follows:

When a sentence of dishonorable discharge has not been suspended until the soldier's release from confinement, the execution or remission of any part of his sentence shall, if the soldier be confined in the United States Disciplinary Barracks, or any branch thereof, be directed by the Secretary of War.

### CHOW

THROUGH THE WHEAT (The Sergeant's Story)

"There's a job out there before us," said the Captain, kinder solemn. "There's a crop out there to gather. Through the wheat fields just ahead. Through the wheat of Chateau-Thierry. That was soon to hold our column. There's a crop out there to gather. That was all the Captain said. (Oh, at dawn the wheat was yellow. But at night the wheat was red.)"

"There's a crop out there to gather—And we felt contentment steal in. Like a ghost from out the shadows of a lost, old-fashioned street. For the crop out there before us brought a kinder home-like feedin'. Though the zippin' German bullets started hissing through the wheat. But it didn't seem to bother us. As we slugged along the beat."

"There's snakes here," whooped a private. As the bullets started hissing. And we saw that Hun machine guns in the thicker formed our crop. So we started for the harvest. Where a bunch of them was missin'. But a bunch of them was hittin'. Where we hadn't time to stop. But we damned 'em to a finish. As we saw a bunnie drop."

So we gathered in the harvest. And we didn't leave one missin'. (We had gathered crops before this. With as tough a job ahead. Through the wheat of Chateau-Thierry. With the German bullets hissing. That was a crop out there to gather. That was all the Captain said. (Oh, at dawn the wheat was yellow. But at night the wheat was red.)"

We've heard ball players complain bitterly at having to wear an open face catcher's mask through an August double header. Wonder what choice words they'd have to spill over wearing a modern Army mask through five hours of attacks? Ask Louk Hank, he knows both close.

"They were two privates driving along through the wheat in the advance near Chateau-Thierry. German machine gun bullets, ripping through the wheat, sounded like hissing snakes."

"I think there's snakes in this wheat," said one private as a bullet zipped fairly close.

"You THINK there are?" said the other private with proper scorn. "I KNOW they are, for one of 'em just bit me in the leg."

**THE BUCK EXCLAIMS**

I know just what a snell can do. If you are on the spot. I know when sheepish whistles through. It doesn't help a lot. But on the land or on the sea, or in a raiding pinch. If they'd abolish revellie. This war would be a cinch.

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### NO MINIMUM AGE AT ARMY SCHOOLS

Youth Not Now a Bar to Candidates for Commissions

BLACK STRIPE ON SLEEVE

Student Officers to Wear Special Insignia—Several Additions to Table

The minimum age limit has been eliminated for men receiving instruction for commissions at the Army Candidates' Schools. Heretofore the age limits have been not less than 21 nor more than 40 on the day of graduation.

The removal of the lower limit means that any member of the A.E.F., regardless of his youth, may win a commission, or at least go out after it, if he has shown the stuff.

Several additions have been made to the table of candidates allowed at the schools in a new G.O., No. 121. Infantry regiments, including the Marine Corps, will send 32 candidates per unit; Machine Gun Battalions, also including the Marine Corps, 6; Artillery regiments 4 per monthly group; Cavalry regiments 10; and Engineer regiments 9, all as heretofore.

**From Division at Large**

In addition there will be two candidates from a division at large, including artillery brigade headquarters, trench mortar battery and ammunition train. The division at large will include, in addition to the division at large who will take the infantry course, Army artillery parks will send four men each, corps artillery parks two men each, and Army ammunition trains, trench mortar battalions and anti-aircraft battalions one man each.

G.I.Q. army, army corps and headquarters battalions or troops will send one per cent of their total enlisted personnel.

Candidates will wear a diagonal black stripe on the sleeves of the blouse and overcoat in the manner prescribed in the Uniform Regulations. War service and wound chevrons will be superimposed on the black stripe.

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